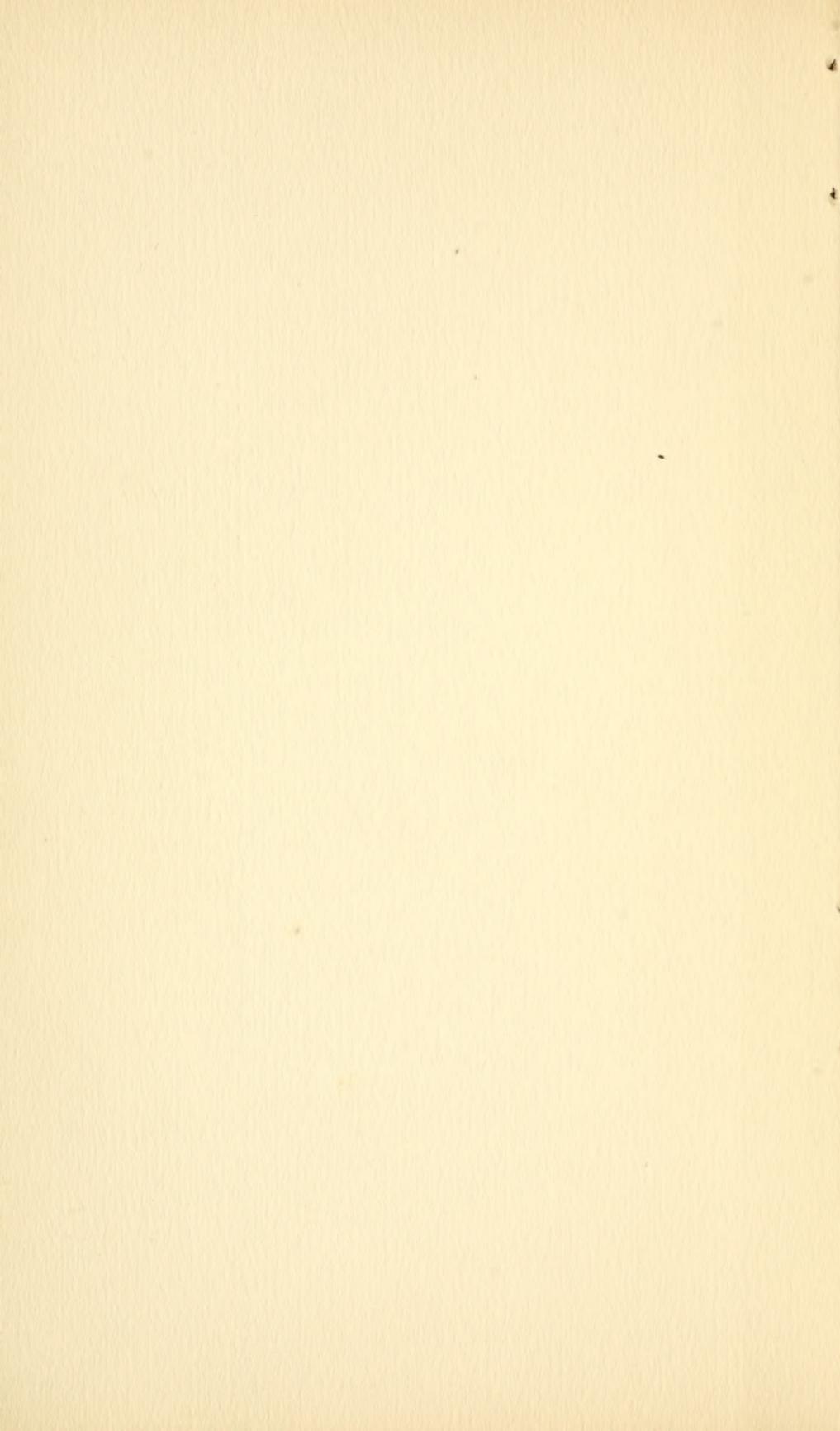


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1907















To You—

*With whom I've shared the quest
For Beauty, and the zest
Of all my untried Youth,
For Knowledge and for Truth.*



SONGS OF TRIS- TRAM & YSEVLT

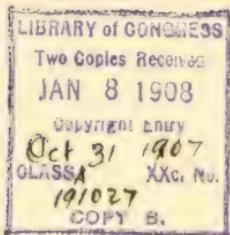


QUATRAINS

by
Elizabeth Colwell

1907

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Tristram Sings

I

SEVLT,
my breast
is stricken
With a more dead-
ly dart,
Than that the
Giant Morholt
Aimed at my
knightly heart.

I LINGER and
I languish
From sufferings
far more
Than those which
held me, helpless,
On thy White-
haven shore.

AH, canst thou
not sustain me!
Lean down thy
lips and bless.
Heal thou once
more in pity,
Tristram of Ly-
onesse.



II

I DRANK
the proffer-
ed potion,
But as a cooling
draught;
Ah, from the
Cup of Silver
'Twas madness
that I quaffed.

QVICK thro'
my lithesome
body

There ran a
thread of fire;
It touched my
heart to rapture,
And kindled
my desire.

NOW, all that
mighty prowess
Which made Tin-
tagel's fame
Is but a slender
reed stem,
Swayed by swift
passion's flame.

III

HY body
is a rose-
jar-
A cup of fra-
grance, blown
In some remot-
er cycle,
When Beauty
claimed her own.

THY lingering
caresses,
And thy white
hands' delight,
Are like the
slender jonquils,
Pure in the pale
moonlight.

THE wind that
stirs the Poppies,
The warm wind
from the South,
Makes no more
subtle music,
Than whisper-
ings of thy mouth.

THEY breasts
are two
white lilies,
Faint rose-red
at the heart,
Where hidden
sweetness lingers
And quick, shy
tremors start.

O let me be the
sunshine,
Here in this
silent room,
To lift the ten-
der petals,
And share the
bowls of bloom!

THY lips
are two
red berries;
I crush them,
and the stain
Of their ripe
sweets is mem-
ory
Of mingled joy
and pain.

TWIN stars in
a fair heaven~
The lights of
summer skies~
Deep azure of
the ocean;
Like these thy
lustrous eyes.

THE white of
the white sea-spray,
When sky and
sea-spray meet,
Is not so light a
wonder,
As whiteness of
thy feet.

I WOVL D my
Harp were string-
ed

With threads of
thy Golden Hair:
Then might I
sing more seemly
My Love and
my Despair.



Yseult Sings

I



QVEEN
am I, in
title,
With vassals
at my call;
Brave Knights
and lovely Ladies
Make pleasure
in my Hall.

WHILE sparkling wine is circled
With quip and idle jest;
And while the King his favor
Bestows upon some guest,

I SEEK my
silent chamber
That overlooks
the sea,
And with my
Harp, sing softly,
Some sad, sweet
melody.



II



ALL day I
feign light
laughter,
All night my
loosened hair
I gather close
to smother
My sobs and
my despair.

I BVRN with
a bright fever;
I droop~I drown~
I die;

At night my
lonely pillow
Is lonelier than
when I

LAY lone in
distant Ireland,
Within that Cas-
tle, steep,
That sheltered
my young girl-
hood,
And held my
virgin sleep.



III



WITHOUT,
a bird is
singing;
That mellow,
liquid note
Came with a
flash of crimson,
Across the Cas-
tle moat.

THE roses,
too, are climbing
Up to my win-
dow-sill,
And tulips and
white lilies
Are opening,
until

IT seems that
Nature, spend-
thrift,
Is lavish with
her Art.

And Spring~
sweet Spring~
is here~
But not with-
in my heart.

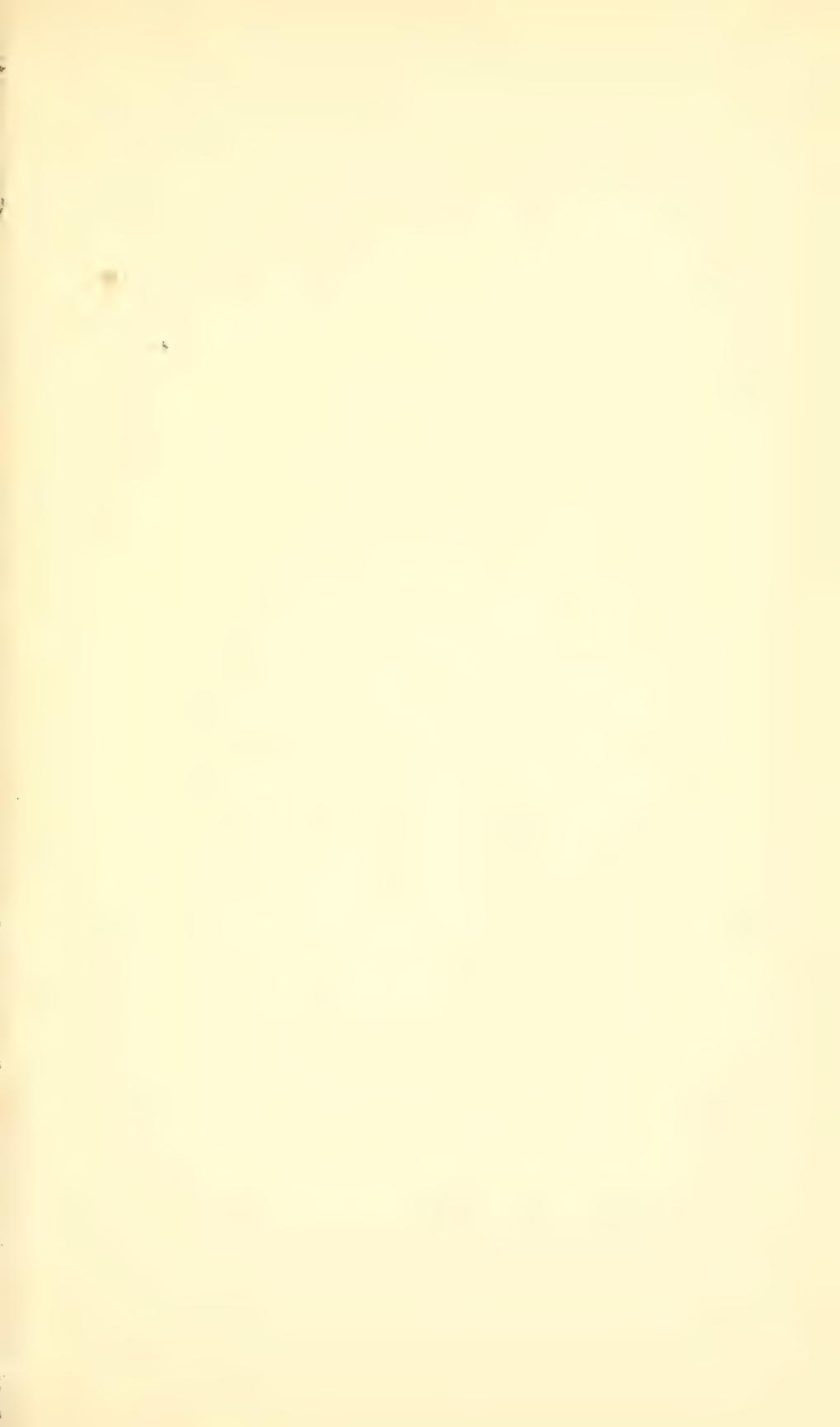
IV

WHERE
lombardies
lean sea-
ward,
And white waves
wash the cliff;
Where wild flow-
ers bloom and
wither,
I walk, and won-
der if

OF all the ships
a-sailing
Upon the rest-
less sea,
There will not
come one, bring-
ing
My happiness
to me.

Here endeth *Songs of Tristram and Yseult*, as written, lettered,
and made into a book by
Elizabeth Colwell. One hun-
dred copies privately printed
in *Chicago, November, 1907* of
which this is *Number*









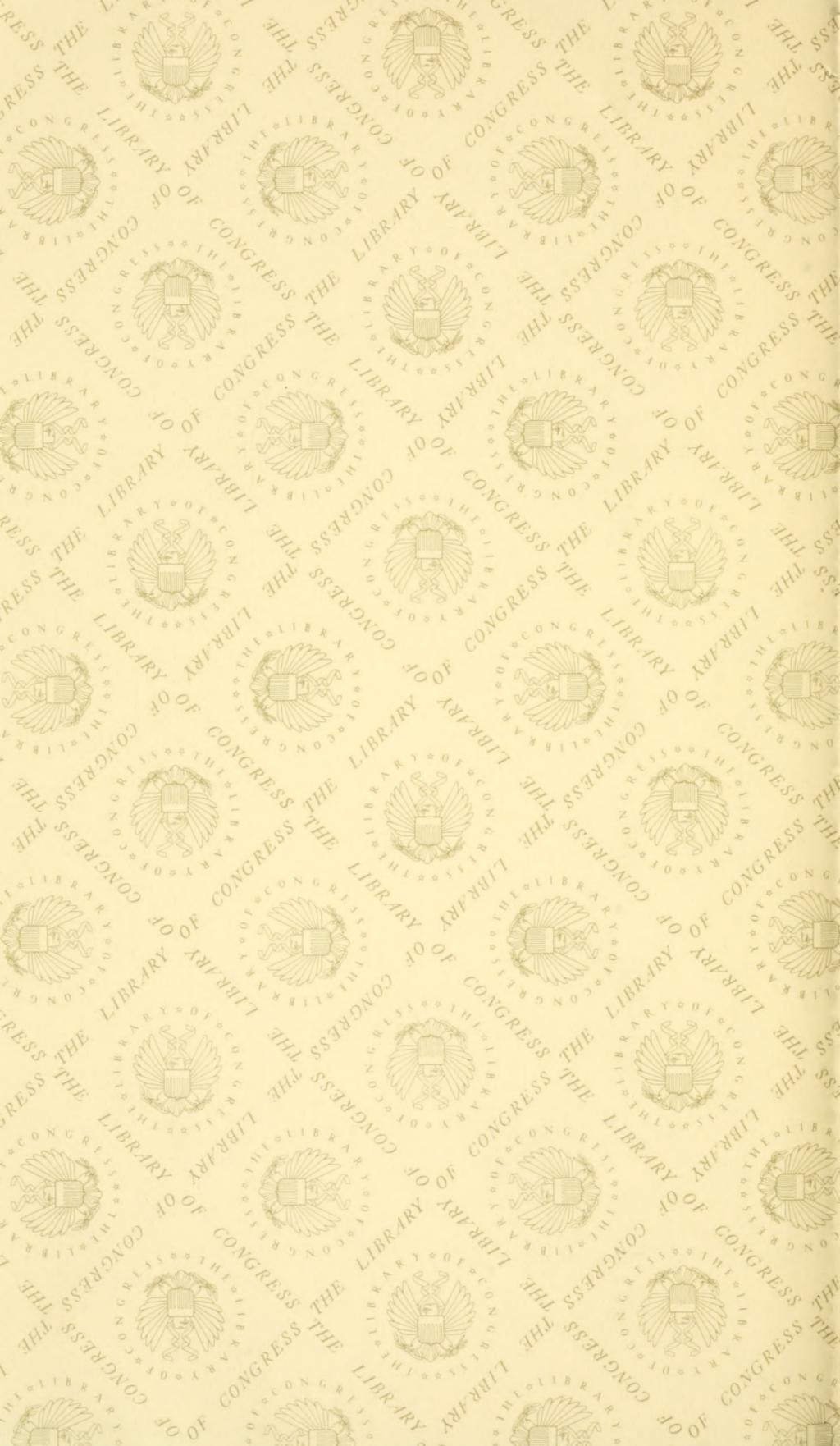


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